

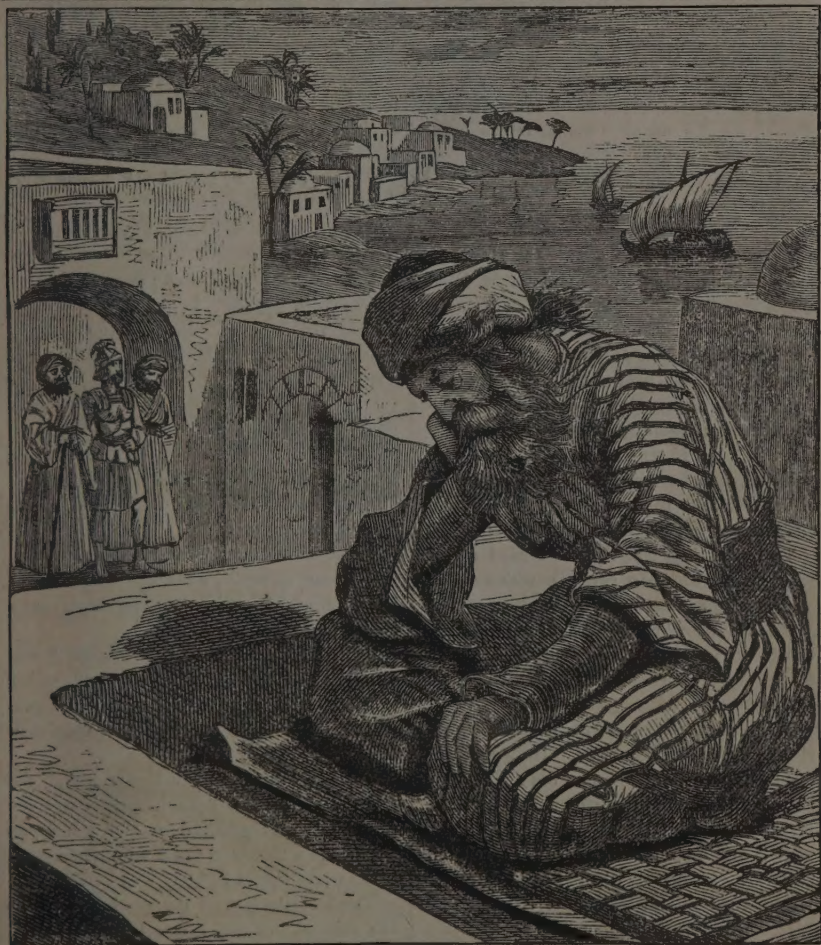
THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

OLD SERIES. {
VOL. XXIV. }

NOVEMBER, 1873.

{ NEW SERIES.
VOL. II. No. II. }



JOPPA.—MESSENGERS SEEKING PETER.

For The Dayspring.

THE BLIND BOY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

(Concluded from page 150.)

CHAPTER XIV. — *Goodness has its reward.*



HE wagon that brought Mrs. Tuba and her children to Teplitz, held an additional member on its return journey. That was the Secretary's son, Ernst.

While the others were talking of their joy in returning home, he sat silent and sad with a heavy burden on his heart. The blue sky, the sparkling sunlight, the golden fields of grain, and all the beauties of nature brought him no pleasure. The nearer he approached his home, the more anxious he grew. At first he had been glad to get away from the circus, but now he thought only of the meeting with his parents.

"See," said the mother softly to her children, who were struck by the depression of Ernst, "see the power and the sting of conscience."

They had just left the borders of a vast forest, when an open carriage with a single occupant approached them.

"My father," cried Ernst, whose eyes wandered in every direction; and he hid himself in the cushions of the carriage.

Ernst had seen aright.

The Court Secretary sat in his open carriage with a clouded brow. He would not have noticed Mrs. Tuba and the children, if his coachman had not stopped to ask the way. Then he tried to smile, but as if it were a pain and effort to do so. He showed real joy, however, when he heard that Raphael's sight had been restored, and that Mrs. Tuba was well again, and then with a deep sigh, he said: —

"Alas, Mrs. Tuba, I am a most unhappy father. My child, my beloved son, my Ernst, has wilfully deserted us."

Ernst almost betrayed himself by his start.

"Yes," continued the Secretary, "my boy, who used to be so good, used to be my joy, my comfort, his mother's pride, has left us; and I have learned that he has joined a circus. My wife will not be comforted, and is almost dying with sorrow at the thought of his ingratitude." His eyes filled with tears.

"How comes it, may I ask," said Mrs. Tuba, "that you are here?"

"I am like the shepherd, who left his flock to hunt the lost sheep," answered the Secretary, "and with joy I would press him to my heart; with joy and forgiveness would his mother receive him. In my investigations, I have learned that he is with a troop near Teplitz."

"Be happy," said Mrs. Tuba, "and forget your ungrateful son. I am bringing you another Ernst, who will give you nothing but gratitude and fill your life with joy."

She endeavored, with these words, to raise Ernst.

"But it will not be my child," the father was about to reply, when Ernst rose weeping, and, springing into his carriage, threw himself into his arms.

"Oh, forgive me, father, forgive me," was all that he could say, and lovingly his father clasped him to his heart; and then Ernst promised to return an obedient, contented child.

"I have done but little for you," the father said to Mrs. Tuba, in answer to some of her words of gratitude to him, "but you have done a thousand times more for me and I will never forget it."

Think of the joy of the poor mother, as she clasped her lost son to her heart again. Could Ernst ever forget such forgiveness,

such kindness? And he never did. From this time he was the most dutiful of sons.

Their old friend Mr. Tanzer rejoiced to see them back, and was surprised and delighted to see his much valued watch back again; and above all, at Raphael's restored sight and Mrs. Tuba's good health.

He and the family of the Secretary remained their constant friends.

Raphael used his recovered sight in copying the glories and beauties of nature. He became a most wonderful artist. Among other works he painted a picture representing Christ restoring sight to the blind. For this he was offered large sums of money, but he packed it in a box and sent it to Dr. Pollock. Here the Prince saw it, and was so much pleased,—not only with the remembrance and gratitude shown by Raphael, but also by the wonderful skill and feeling in the picture,—that he made him his court painter, and bestowed a good salary upon him.

Ernst became a nobleman and married the beautiful Magdalene. She became mistress of a charming house and grounds, and always had her mother live with her, and provided for her every want.

END.

CONCERT EXERCISE.

*Arranged for the Unitarian Sunday School,
Leominster.*

BY MRS. LYDIA J. ROBBINS.

SUBJECT: "Lessons from the Hours." Motto:
"Watch and Pray."

Twenty-fourth Service: with 130th Hymn, S.S. Service Book. Semi-chorus: "Remember thy Creator," from "Anthem Offering," p. 26.—Superintendent or Minister.

[The following exercise is based upon the habits of watchmen. There are watchmen of the sea; those who pace the vessel's deck, or vigilantly stand at the mast-head, to descry coming ships,

announce breakers, and who, at the stroke of the fore-castle bell, cry "All's well." There are watchmen on the hills: those who, as in Scotland, before the era of telegrams and express trains, signalled from peak to peak the news of a coming foe by means of great fires, that lighted the sky. But the exercise refers more particularly to the watchmen in cities,—to the custom of the German watchmen. It has been a usage of venerable date for these guardians of public welfare to sing, or chant songs at every hour. The music of their voices makes assured the wakeful sleeper, and gives evidence of the watchman's vigilance and care. Clad in their peculiar garments, fitted for storms, these men watch well the antique, quaint habits and aspects of the aged towns over whose streets their nightly rounds occur.]

SEMI-CHORUS: "German Watchman's Song," 3d, 4th, 5th stanzas. (This song may be found upon p. 50, "Violet," or in Sheet Music.)

RECITATION: "What says the Clock?" —
From S. S. Speaker, by O. H. Cheney.

Superintendent. One o'clock. (Class rises.)

Supt. What does Christ say is his one wish?

Class. And now I am no more in the world; but these are in the world, and I come to thee. Holy Father, keep through thine own name those whom thou hast given me, that they may be one, as we are one. — John 17: 11.

CHORUS: By Sunday School. "One by one."—"Treasure," No. 2.

RECITATION: "The Lost Hour."

Lost! Lost! Lost!

A gem of countless price.

Cut from the living rock,

Engraved in Paradise.

Set round with three times eight

Large diamonds, clear and bright;

And each with sixty smaller ones,

All changeful as the light.

Lost where the thoughtless throng
 In fashion's mazes wind,
 Where trilleth Folly's song,
 Leaving a sting behind.
 Yet to my hand 'twas given
 A golden harp to buy,
 Such as the white-robe choir attune
 To deathless minstrelsy.

Lost! Lost! Lost!
 I feel all search is vain;
 That gem of countless cost
 Can ne'er be mine again.
 I offer no reward;
 For till these heart-strings sever,
 I know that Heaven's intrusted gift
 Is swept away for ever.

TWO O'CLOCK.

Superintendent. Of what choice would
two remind you?

Class. No man can serve two masters;
 for either he will hate the one and love the
 other, or else he will hold to the one and
 despise the other. Ye cannot serve God
 and Mammon. — Matt. 6: 24.

RECITATION: "Two ways to live."

There are two ways to live on earth;
 Two ways to judge, to act, to view;
 For all things here have double birth:
 A right and wrong, a false and true!

Give me the home where kindness seeks
 To make that sweet which seemeth small!
 Where every lip in fondness speaks,
 And every mind has care for all.

Whose inmates live in glad exchange
 Of pleasure, free from vain expense;
 Whose thoughts beyond their means ne'er range,
 Nor wise denials give offence.

Who in a neighbor's fortune find
 No wish, no impulse, to complain;
 Who feels not, never felt, the mind
 To envy yet another's gain.

Who dreams not of the mocking tide
 Ambition's foiled endeavor meets;
 The bitter pangs of wounded pride,
 Nor fallen power that shuns the streets.

Though fate deny its glittering store,
 Love's wealth is still the wealth to choose;
 For all that man can purchase more
 Are sands it is no loss to lose!

Some beings, wheresoe'er we go,
 Find nought to please or to exalt;
 Their constant study, but to show
 Perpetual modes of finding fault.

While others in the ceaseless round
 Of daily wants and daily care,
 Can yet cull flowers from common ground,
 And twice enjoy the joy they share.

Oh! happy they who happy make, —
 Who, blessing, still themselves are blest!
 Who sometimes spare for others' sake,
 And strive in all things for the best.

THREE O'CLOCK.

Superintendent. Of what gifts does *three*
 remind you?

Class. And now abideth faith, hope,
 charity, these three; but the greatest of
 these is charity. — 1 Cor. 13: 13.

Supt. With what incident in the life of
 Daniel is *three* connected?

Class. Now when Daniel knew that the
 writing was signed, he went into his house;
 and his windows being open in his chamber
 toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees
 three times a day, and prayed, and gave
 thanks before his God, as he did aforetime.
 — Dan. 6: 10.

SEMI-CHORUS, of little girls: —

"Never give up the right way,
 'Twill brighten by and by."

— Charm. p. 22.

RECITATION. By a very small boy: —

When the clock strikes three,
 I'll think of my three little verses,
 That mamma has taught to me;
 And I say them every morning,
 As I stand beside her knee.

The first is, "Thou God seest me."
 Is not that a pretty text?

And "Suffer the little children
To come unto me," is next.

But the last one is the shortest;
It is only, "God is love."
How kind He is in sending us
Such sweet verses from above.

He knows the chapters I can't learn,
So I think He sent those three
Short, easy texts, on purpose
For little ones like me.
— Youth's Companion.

FOUR O'CLOCK.

Superintendent. What four diminutive things are spoken of in Proverbs?

Class. There be four things which are little upon the earth, but they are exceeding wise:

The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer;

The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their houses in the rocks;

The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands;

The spider taketh hold with her hands, and is in kings' palaces. — Prov. 30: 24-28.

CHORUS: By Sunday School. Hymn 44, S. S. Service Book.

FIVE O'CLOCK.

Superintendent. What miracle does the number five recall?

Class. And they say unto him, We have here but five loaves and two fishes.

He said, Bring them hither to me.

And he commanded the multitude to sit down on the grass, and took the five loaves, and the two fishes, and, looking up to heaven, he blessed, and brake, and gave the loaves to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude. — Matt. 14: 17-19.

RECITATION: The Loaves. By A. D. T. W.

Man's needs and sufferings are all about us,
Walk any way thou wilt, — an outstretched hand,

A pleading face, is still upturned to thee;
And God saith, "Give. Give as thou wouldst receive."

So Jesus, unto those poor fishermen,
Who, without purse or scrip, and scarcely food
Sufficient for themselves, looked pityingly
On the vast, weary, fainting multitude,
Which, when the tension of the earnest soul,
Listening to truth unheard, undreamed till then,
Relaxed again, — first felt the body's cravings,
For which was no supply, far in the wild,
Away from home, — wives, children, drooping round
them, —

Thus spake the Son of man, — "Give them to eat!"

Mocked he their deep necessity?

"Whence, Lord,"

The wondering disciples cry, "should we,
Here in this barren place, find bread enough
To feed five thousand?" "Have ye not a loaf?"
This was their answer, and the throng was fed.
Then, when thou lookest on the woes of man,
Be not disheartened at thy little means,
Or ask, "How, Lord, can I do ought to aid?"
Offer thy loaf, and God shall multiply
To thee and them the gift of ready love.

Whatever, in the wilderness of life,
Its griefs and cares, and thick perplexities,
Thou hast that others need, — be it a word
Of counsel or of sympathy, — a drop
Of cooling water to the spirit parched
With fevered agony, — a glance, a pressure
Of the kind hand, that silently would say,
"I, too, have suffered, and I feel for thee;"
Or even, in truth, a crust, a morsel, spared
From a scant meal, to feed a hungrier brother,
Each — all — will God, through thy Redeemer,
bless,

Even as he did the loaves in Palestine.

SEMI-CHORUS. By Boys. "New Golden Shower," page 116.

SIX O'CLOCK.

Superintendent. What six things are declared unlovely in Proverbs?

Class. These six things doth the Lord hate: A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood, a heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be

swift in running to mischief, and a false witness that speaketh lies. — Prov. 6: 16, 17, 18, 19.

RECITATION: —

Six o'clock reminds me, of

Six little words that lay claim to me each day.

— From Dayspring, of Jan. 1873.

SEVEN O'CLOCK.

Superintendent. What question of Peter to Jesus does seven remind us of?

Class. Then came Peter to him and said, Lord how oft shall my brother sin against me and I forgive him; until seven times?

Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee until seven times, but until seventy times seven.

RECITATION: The Seven Fishers.

There were seven fishers with nets in their hands,
And they walked and talked by the sea-side sands;
Yet sweet as the sweet dewfall
The words they spoke, though they spoke so low,
Across the long dim centuries flow, —
And we know them one and all;
Aye, know them and love them all.

Seven sad men in the days of old,
And one was gentle and one was bold;
And they walked with downward eyes,
The bold was Peter, the gentle was John,
And they all were sad, for the Lord was gone,
And they knew not when he would rise;
Knew not if the dead would rise.

The livelong night till the moon went out,
In the drowning waters they fished about,
Beat slow through the fog their way;
And the sails hung down with wringing wet,
And no man drew but an empty net.
And now 'twas the break of day, —
The great, glad break of day.

"Cast in your nets on the other side," —
'Twas Jesus speaking across the tide;
And they cast, and were dragging hard,
When that disciple whom Jesus loved
Called straightway out, for his heart was moved:
"It is our risen Lord!
Our Master and our Lord!"

Then Simon, girding his fisher's coat,
Sprang over the nets and out of the boat.
Aye, first of them all was he;
Repenting sore the denial past,
He feared no longer his heart to cast,
Like an anchor, into the sea;
Down deep in the hungry sea.

And the others through the mist so dim,
In a little ship came after him,
Dragging their nets through the tide;
And when they had gotten close to the land,
They saw a fire of coals in the sand,
And with arms of love so wide,
Jesus, the crucified.

'Tis long, and long, and long ago,
Since the rosy light began to glow
O'er the banks of Galilee;
When, with eager eyes and lifted hands,
The seven fishers saw, on the sands,
The fire of coals by the sea,
On the wet, wild sands by the sea.
'Tis long ago, yet faith in our souls,
Is kindled, just by the fire of coals
That streamed o'er the mist of the sea,
Where Simon, girding his fisher's coat,
Sprang o'er the nets and out of the boat,
To answer, "Lov'st thou me?"
Thrice over, "Lov'st thou me?"

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

Superintendent. Upon what eight virtues did Christ call a blessing?

Class. Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peace-makers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

CHORUS. By Sunday School. "Treasure," No. 2, page 48.

NINE O'CLOCK.

Superintendent. Of what solemn event does *nine* remind you?

Class. And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? — Matt. 27: 46.

SEMI-CHORUS. By little girls. "The Golden Nine." (This beautiful little piece is from "Songs of Gladness," page 152.)

TEN O'CLOCK.

Superintendent. What parable is brought to mind by number *ten*?

Class. Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. — Matt. 25: 1.

SEMI-CHORUS: "German Watchman's Song," 1st and 2d stanzas.

ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

Superintendent. Of what are you reminded, in the parable of the household and the vineyard, by *eleven*?

Class. So when the even was come, the lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, Call the laborers, and give them their hire, beginning from the last unto the first. And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny. — Matt. 20: 8, 9.

RECITATION: "The Eleventh Hour." From the "Changed Cross."

TWELVE O'CLOCK.

Superintendent. What precept shall we recall at *twelve*?

School. Watch, therefore; for ye know

neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.

RECITATION: "Coming." From S. S. Speaker, by O. H. Cheney.

SONG: "Watch and Pray."

WHEN IS A LESSON LEARNED?

WE had the pleasure last month of meeting the scholars of the Providence Unitarian Sunday-schools one Sunday afternoon in the First Unitarian Church. A joyful time we all had. The scholars gave good heart-music, and kept up a lively interest in the proceedings to the end.

Rev. A. Woodbury gave a good word to the parents, in speaking of the influence of the home; and Rev. C. A. Staples said just what cannot help making every teacher do the best that he can.

It was our pleasure to talk with the scholars upon the part of the work which they are to do. Among the questions asked was this: When is a lesson learned? Take the Golden Rule, for instance; when is it learned? Some thought when it could be repeated. One bright girl thought that was not enough. All the words must be understood.

The question then came, supposing the words learned so that they can be correctly repeated, and that what they express is clearly understood, what next is necessary to complete the learning of the Rule? Another young miss quickly answered, — *Do it.*

Well, we liked that answer better than the one we had in our own mind, — it was so short and comprehensive. So we told her she should have it printed in large capitals. And here it is. In order to thoroughly learn the truth that Jesus expressed, you must

DO IT.

PETER AT JOPPA.

JOPPA, now called Jaffa, is situated on the Mediterranean, and is the seaport of Jerusalem. In Solomon's time the cedar-wood of Lebanon was carried by sea to Joppa, and from thence thirty miles overland to Jerusalem. At the time Peter visited it, it was a large city. His abode was with one Simon, a tanner.

The hours of prayer among the Jews were the third, sixth, and ninth hours. The sixth hour was the hour of noon. Peter, on a certain day, went upon the housetop at noon to engage, according to his custom, in prayer. There he had a vision by which he was taught that God is no respecter of persons; that his truth is for the Gentiles as for the Jews.

Just after this vision there arrived at the gate of Simon's house three men from Cornelius, a Roman centurion of Cesarea, seeking for Peter to go to Cesarea and speak the word of truth there. They arrived at the gateway while Peter was pondering what the vision he had seen could mean.

Peter went down to them and received their message. He invited them in, and they lodged at Simon's house that night. The next day he went with them to Cesarea. Read the tenth chapter of Acts for the full account.

EDUCATION.

"EDUCATION does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look; with a father's nod of approbation or a sign of reproof; with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance; with handfuls of flowers in green dells, on hills, and daisy meadows; with birds' nests admired, but not touched; with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmets; with humming bees and glass beehives; with pleasant walks in shady lanes; and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words, to nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the sense of all good, to God himself."





THE WELL.

THE city and big-town boys and girls do not know how good wells are. They have the water running through pipes all over their houses; and when they want it, they turn a little thing, and the water comes running out for them, and keeps running till they turn the little handle back, and shut the water off.

But when they drink the water, how warm and flat it tastes! It came along under ground from some pond or river, through iron pipes, and up into the house through lead pipes; and, maybe, sometimes it has stayed so long in the lead pipes that it is not good to drink.

How cool and sparkling the water from a spring or well! It bubbles up from its clean, sandy home, pure and sweet! Everybody blesses it for the life and health it gives. There is nothing in all the world so good for thirsty lips.

That kind of well-curb you see in the picture is not a good kind. It ought to be boarded up higher in front, so that little children cannot fall in. Then they could stand up against it, and look down into the well and see the bright water.

Have you ever drawn up water from a well by turning the crank? There ought to be a catch to hold the windlass from going back as

you get the bucket drawn up; or else, if the crank slips out of your hands, down the bucket will go, and the crank will turn so swiftly you will have to keep out of its way.

Once a little boy, just as high as the well-curb, was standing by a well, near the crank, when some large boys were drawing water. Their hands slipped, and down went the bucket, carrying the crank round with great force. It struck the little boy on the forehead, and made a very bad wound. That little boy is a man now; but he can show you, on his forehead, the scar left by the wound the well-handle made.

How fully God supplies all our wants! We need water to quench our thirst, and it wells up out of the ground almost everywhere.

Have you ever drunk water from a spring in the woods or fields, when you have been warm, tired, and thirsty? Never any water ran through iron pipes as fresh and life-giving as that!

Do you mind seeing a bull-frog in the spring? He does not hurt the water. You know there are lots of fish, turtles, and frogs in the ponds, from which you get water for your houses in cities.

One day there was a little party in the woods, and they came to a spring right on the side of a hill.

They had a cup with them to dip up the water, and all had a good drink. A little boy four years old stooped down on the upper side of the spring to look in. He saw a bull-frog, and called out to his friends to come and see it. Just as they started, he fell over into the spring. They took him out, and, when they found he was not hurt, had a good time laughing at the great bull-frog they found in the spring.

HYMN FOR A LITTLE CHILD.

God make my life a little light,
Within the world to glow;
A little flame that burneth bright,
Wherever I may go.

God make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the singer glad.

God make my life a little staff,
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbors best.

God make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise;
Of faith, that never waxeth dim,
In all his wondrous ways.

Good Words.

At a national school at Whittlesay, a teacher asked a boy which was the highest dignity of the church. After looking up and down, north, east, south, and west, the boy innocently replied: "The weathercock."

For The Dayspring.

THE LITTLE COUSINS.

BY E. P. C.

CHAPTER XV.

HADLEY, December, 1868.

DEAR LOU,—Just for one forenoon to talk over Christmas gifts! I have no one to consult. I can't get acquainted with the girls at school. Ned don't know how to help me, and I haven't even a Biddy. To be sure, I tell Ping Wing what I'd like to do, and she looks ready to fly to answer.

As for your mother, I'd buy her something useful. At our store there are pretty needle, thread, and tape cases. My mother is so tired of vases and cologne bottles, she would be glad not to see another. Not vases like Aunt Louisa's; she remembers they were beautiful.

Mother says people fritter their money away on trash, and that the better way would be to give a present a year; *this* year to grandma, next to aunt, and to the rest, according to age.

But, no, mother is almost always right; but I shouldn't like that plan,—only one present a year, and that to *aunt*, when her turn came.

I'd written so far,—as you will see by the ink being paler,—when a box arrived from Westboro'. I don't know what is in it, for I shut my eyes when the note was taken out, and the note only gave love and good wishes, and hoped we should like what was sent.

I felt ashamed of not caring to give to aunt, and told mother so. Mother said we were always ashamed of mean, unkind feelings; and that if I would begin with the new year to try to find out Aunt Wealthy's good qualities, and to think of any little ways I could give her pleasure, I should begin to love her, and put myself in her place, as you did in Grandma Ashby's.

I'm going to think about it; but now let us talk of something pleasant. Mrs. Carrol has had her niece to stay with her. Lucy looked faded by her, — like a washed-out calico. Edith's a beauty; great dark eyes, and golden hair braided down her back, — braided and shaken out, I mean. Her blue ribbon was so becoming that I was uneasy (though it took some of my Christmas money) till I bought a yard and a quarter to tie back my curls. I was looking in the glass, and I really think, Lou, I never looked so pretty; when father came in the parlor, and raised his eye-brows.

If his face had not been as grave as a judge I should have cried; but I ran up-stairs and hid my ribbon.

I doted on hearing about Lyddy Ashby's cat. She's nicer for a cat than Lyddy for a girl. Lyddy's purse-proud. I want an owl and two canaries in our cottage. Can you train your squirrels and cats not to eat my birds? Did the Boston ladies look like their own peacocks, and have the Ashbys those birds? Mother says they make as bad a noise as donkeys. How could you think, my Lou-lou, that I should want such vile creatures in our pink of a cottage?

Mother says "vile" is not the word for any of our humble friends. How funny, Lou, that these creatures on four legs are our friends! But I believe mother's right about it, and I'm going to begin to love them; I think it will be easier — now I was going to say what is wrong. But it so pleasant to speak out my mind to you; and I'm never afraid of hurting you, as I might Ping Wing, for dolls have no "Lady Conscience" to set them right.

Wasn't it just like grandma to change, and send for Christmas, because we told her we liked it better than New Year's? What little measly presents *she* used to have, — a two-penny basket, or tot of a book! But

she said she thought she enjoyed them more than we did our many. The box is not large; nor is it very small.

My father said, "Lou is a bit of a poet," when I read what you wrote of the snow-storm morning. What did he mean? It did not sound like a verse. He said, getting up late, I did not deserve to see pretty cat and squirrel pictures. I dread getting up like toothache, — only I don't. But it would be worse to be almost bed-ridden, like Ned. My mother wonders I call him poor. She calls cross well people poor.

He wants most to run about as I do. His room is small, and hot with the stove, and they fear to open the window. I wonder our heavenly Father can let Ned suffer so, when he is so good a child. Mother says we shall know why in heaven, for there Ned will sit in one of the brightest places; and she says we half know now, Ned has such a healthy, happy soul.

I'm trying to teach him to sing, and he smiles, but his voice is so very little that I almost cry; and then he asks, "What you making such faces for?" When I go out of his room, I feel as if I could never do wrong again.

Merry Christmas to Aunt Louisa, Biddy, baby, — oh, Slater! — and you.

MADGE.

CHAPTER XVI.

TOPSHAM, December, 1868.

DEAR MADGE, — Last night, being Christmas Eve, mother opened the box from Westboro'. She cried, because she felt sure grandma is going in her shabby gown all winter, to send her twenty dollars. I nearly knocked Biddy down in my joy over my skates. Biddy had a work-basket; and Baby, ark and ninepins.

Madge, Aunt Wealthy went to that mys-

terious little hair trunk, she keeps under her bed, for the silver knitting-case she sent mother, and for my tortoise-shell box. W. H. was marked on both. Mother says it was more generous in aunt to give up these treasures, than for a rich woman to send a large present of money.

Uncle's kind note came to-night, and Bidly is to inquire for the box in the morning. Mrs. Ashby has just sent Baby a scarlet merino, me a blue, and mother a muff. Mother liked my gift to her; but must wait for her cold in getting mine.

When uncle said, "Lou is a bit of a poet," he was raising the eyebrows of his mind. But eyebrows never trouble me; and I love dearly such a funny uncle. Did you ever think how much people are like books? Little Ned is the image of my Sunday-school book, "Helps over Hard Places." Every story in that book was good and sad.

I've a plan,—you're teaching Ned to sing; I'm going to teach Bidly to read. She's as comical for a girl, as "Alice in Wonderland," for a book. Didn't you like those queer creatures on the sand dancing and singing dolefully?

Lyddy Ashby isn't *purse*-proud; she carries a *porte-monnaie*. I wish we could help Ned to run about. If either of us finds a pot of gold, we'll spend half in getting Ned into a bigger room. Mother says Mrs. Carrol's big-eyed niece must have put an owl in your head. But we can manage with a large cage; and he'll be a bird awake, when the others sleep. How about your head-ache with the canaries? They sing shrilly, when they're not moulting.

I meant the "Ashbys'" peacocks. There's no room for peacocks in Boston. They make a noise like frights, and strut about, spreading their tails; as much as to say, "Get out of our way! Don't you see how splendid we are?"

As for grandma, she's too dear and cunning to speak of. Wrinkles are not pretty; but I'm willing to be like grandma.

Mother and I had a nice quiet talk over the fire. I forget sometimes; but I don't believe I shall forget these talks. We went over how kind uncle, and all, had been to us through the year. It seems as if our Heavenly Father had told them to love us, because Baby and I have no father on earth. Mother hopes He will help us to *love* so much that we shall be less dull about having nothing to give away; for you know, Madge, the Bible says, and it is true as true, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Mother says she is trying to learn to receive contentedly. Mother seems to me wholly good; but, is it not strange? she says she has as many faults to correct as you and I. I think it is very tiresome not to get through correcting as a child, and be easy when you grow up. Mother says it is not pleasant to think of Baby and me struggling on as she and father did, with sickness and poverty. She told me a pretty little story how some German peasants had money given them by a not very good woman; which they were afraid to use, till the good grandmother said, "Lay the gold in the warm crib of the innocent child." So mother says this year she means to lay her worldly hopes for us in dear brother's crib, and then she will not mind about our being happy, if we are only good.

I asked if she didn't think Ping Wing and Slater had improved from writing letters. She said you and I had without doubt. Our notes had taught us to think more correctly and to speak in better chosen words. She thinks we shall continue to love so much that we shall not give up the habit of writing. I believe so, too. Only when we are more than cousins—sisters—in our cottage, we shall write, instead, to Baby. He will

be a good man, I think, with two sisters to tell him what to do.

I told mother I wanted to write more loving than usual because it is my last note for the year. She said when we had a full heart it was harder to talk about feelings. So, Madge dear, you'll believe without my telling. Here's a sweet verse I've learned; perhaps you'll like to learn it, too:—

"The hand, that is willing and loving,
Will do the most work on the way;
And the work that is sweetest and dearest,
The work that so many ne'er do,—
The great work of making folks happy,—
Can be done by a lassie like you."

Madge, you wrote our first note, I the last.
Begin again the same way. Merry Christmas to auntie, uncle, little Ned, you!

Your loving cousin,

LOU HASELTINE.

HYMN FOR A SUNDAY-SCHOOL AUTUMN FESTIVAL.

AIR, — America.

MAKER of field and flood!
Green lawn and shady wood,
Sunshine and sky!
Tongues of the quivering trees,
Music of bird and breeze,
Voices of sounding seas,
Praise Thee on high!

Sunshine and sky and sea,
All Nature's melody,
Autumn's bright flowers,
This mild Autumnal air,
Freshening the landscape fair,
Breathing health everywhere,—
All these are ours!

And for these gifts of thine,
And for thy love divine,
Heart-thanks we raise!
And may this day's fair face,
Pure with thy tender grace,
In memory's brightest place.
Bless all our days!

C. T. B.

YAWNING AND LEARNING.

[Translated from Rückert's "Wisdom of the Brahmin."]

YAWNING, dear son, indeed, is quite involuntary,
Yet to unlearn the trick for thee is necessary.

I never yet observed that, when thou hadst before thee
Any thing good to eat, a yawning fit came o'er thee.

At least, if in the midst of chewing thou shouldst stop
To yawn, thy open mouth the morsel well might drop.

But learning makes thee yawn at once, whereby I see
Eating far pleasanter than learning is to thee.

Opening thy mouth to yawn, thou shuttest up thy ear;
The teacher's word is lost, thou'rt deaf and canst not hear.

Opening thy mouth to yawn, thou shuttest to thy eyes,
And there the printed page a blank before thee lies.

The sweets of learning, sure, thou never canst have tasted,
Else would thy hours no more be in sweet yawning wasted.

Knowledge, my son, shalt thou a sweetmeat also reckon,
Which is from the soul's mouth by yawning rudely shaken.

If then, in studying, a yawn besets thee, check it!
And let its gaul be tight as thy clenched teeth can make it.

Of his expected bit Sir Yawn will thus be cheated,
And his attempts ere long will be no more repeated.

C. T. B.

"DAN" SAVED.

A BOY about ten years of age, leading a lively little dog, called at the central station, in Detroit, and asked if that was the place where they shot dogs. Being answered in the affirmative, he said: "Well, please shoot

my poor little Dan. He's an awful good dog, and he plays with the baby all day; but father's dead and mother's sick, and I can't raise money to get a license." Then turning to the dog, the boy lifted him up tenderly and stroked him, saying: "Poor Dan! how Billy will cry when I tell him you are dead!" Great big tears rolled down the boy's face, and in a little time those around him made up a purse sufficient to save his dog, and a person went with him after a license. The boy's eyes fairly sparkled at his unexpected luck, and, speaking to the dog, he cried out: "You're saved, Dan, you're saved! Let's go right home to Billy!"

WHAT THE SUNFLOWER SAYS.

I KNOW I'm awkward, gaunt, and tall,
And wear a yellow bonnet;
But then I am not vain or proud:
There's not a feather on it.

My dress is modesty itself,
And so I never change it;
I wear no flounces, tucks, or frills,
For they would disarrange it.

I have a ruffle for my neck,
And always mean to wear it;
But ah! the Equinoctial storm
Is pretty apt to tear it.

I keep off sickness and disease, —
Do all the good I'm able!
In Winter I am taken down,
And carried to the stable,

To feed the rooster and the hen
Through all the winter weather;
They tear my head to pieces then,
And knock my teeth together.

Some call me vulgar, just because
My bonnet is so homely!
But handsome is that handsome does,
I think I'm rather comely.

AUNT CLARA.

NORTH ANDOVER, Mass.

EARTHLY HAPPINESS.

THE true secret of earthly happiness is to enjoy pleasures as they arise; for that man who can keep his eye upon the bright present, while it is bright, tastes the cup of sweetness prepared for him; but we are prone to look forward to dark objects while we should be enjoying those that are more agreeable.

"FOR soul touched soul; the spiritual treasure-trove

Made all men equal, none could rise above
Nor sink below that level of God's love."

Whittier.

"THY purpose firm is equal to the deed;
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could do no more."

Young.

"WHAT, then, remains but well our power to use,
And keep good humor still, whate'er we lose?"

Pope.

"THESE are they
Deserve their greatness, and unenvied stand,
Since what they act transcends what they command."

J. Denham.

"By knowledge we do learn ourselves to know,
And what to God and what to man we owe."

Spenser.

BOOK NOTICES.

JAMES R. OSGOOD & Co. issued last month some fine illustrated books for the young. First came "Doing his Best," a first-rate story, by J. T. Trowbridge; then, "Matt's Follies," by Mary N. Prescott, which the little boys will like to laugh at; next, "Trotty's Wedding Tour and Story Book," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, for the little boys and girls to have good fun over; and last, a gem of a book, "Child Life in Prose," by John G. Whittier. This is a collection of the very best stories for children, very handsomely illustrated, — a companion book to the "Child Life," in poetry, of last year.

LEE & SHEPARD publish "Discipline and Culture," a series of lectures to young men and women, by Bishop Clark, of Rhode Island. The first lecture, "On the Dew of Youth," refers in a pleasant and appreciative way to the Church with which the author is ecclesiastically connected. The other lectures might have been delivered from a Unitarian pulpit. The book is one for the times; pure, strong, healthful in tone, and may be read with great profit by young men and women.

"The Childhood of the World" is an English book, by Edward Clodd, F.R.A.S., which Revs. Dr. Bellows and Mr. Powers, of New York, commended very highly at the Hudson River Conference. Our young people have never had a book prepared for them about man in the earliest ages so valuable as this. It is a capital introduction to the study of history proper, and to the study of religions. There can be no question in regard to its interesting both young and old. It sells for one dollar. There is an American edition, which is cheaper, — seventy-five cents.

Puzzles.

25.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

A distinguished Unitarian divine, and his successor in an important Unitarian pulpit.

A winged monster of primeval times;
A land combining widely different climes;
A little word expressing power with zest;
The shortest way a debt can be expressed;
A wicked thing that some do every day;
What men oft do who idle life away;
Full many a feeble argument I clinch;
Welcome to all whom poverty doth pinch;
I must be maimed ere I can stand upright;
A field whereon was waged a bloody fight;
A Spanish stream of short, expressive name;
Three feet or thirty, I remain the same.

C. T. B.

26.

SQUARE WORD.

A little boy says there must be easy puzzles; so he makes this: The first is an animal; the second is something to eat; the third is a long, slippery fish.

27.

1. Behead a fish, and have it tell you to listen.
2. Behead a vegetable production, and turn it to water.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

22. — F i G

R om E

I n N

N igh T

G emin I

E zr A

D aw N

Fringed Gentian.

23. — The sun makes the day; and Sunday call men's thoughts from earth to heaven.

24. — ROSE

OPAL

SACK

ELKS

"MOTHER," said Little Ned, one morning, after having fallen out bed, "I think I know why I fell out of bed last night. It was because I slept too near where I got in."

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